

Epilogue.

First my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech,
to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you
vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and
what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine owne mar-
ring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to
you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſplea-
ſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a bet-
ter: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il ven-
ture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle cre-
ditors looſe, here I promiſe you I would be, and here I com-
mit my body to your mercies, bate me ſome, and I will pay you
ſome, and (as moſt debtors do) promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I
kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you
commaund me to uſe my legges? And yet that were but light
payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conſci-
ence will make any poſſible ſatiſfaction, and ſo woulde I: all
the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen
will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentle-
women, which was neuer ſeene in ſuch an aſſeinble.

One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much
cloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the
ſtorie, with ſir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Ka-
tharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falſtaffe
ſhall die of a ſweat, vneleſſe already a be killd with your harde
opinions; for Olde-castle died Martyre, and this is not the
man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid
you, good night.

F I N I S.

